

**GEOFFREY**

He's your weak link Mr. Jaekel. The reminder was for you too!

**BOYD**

You should trust me. I can handle Grant. K-NOW is suing the *Examiner*. That'll take months or even years.

**GEOFFREY**

But we don't want J.A. Forbes opening this can of worms - no front page lawsuit and we certainly don't want anyone helping the newspaper.

**BOYD**

The newspaper is in big financial trouble. I have found a way to exert some heavy pressure on them.

As they disconnect the call, the secretary buzzes:

**SECRETARY**

Ms. Sawchuk is here, sir.

**BOYD**

Send her in.

Time lapse. Jaekel and Lisa are midway in a conversation.

**LISA**

I don't understand why Raven is not enthusiastic about helping us?

**BOYD**

I'm just the lawyer for Raven and some investors. They've lost a lot of money and most have lost heart.

**LISA**

But my client is going to fight their issue. All I'm asking you for is some research help. Open the files. Surely this could only help you?

**BOYD**

Ms. Sawchuk, you must be new to this. The only proper course for us - at a corporate level - is to monitor your case. If you succeed, we might then go forward. And it would be unwise if you appear to be a tool of Raven.

**LISA**

*(confused, surprised)*

Mr. Jaekel, I'm afraid I don't understand. Will Childress Grant and Dan MacKenzie also avoid me?

**BOYD**

Chuck Grant, as chairman and banker, will be restrained like myself. But I'm sure Danny would be happy to show you around.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG SQUAD HEADQUARTERS -- MORNING

Jack Forbes is greeted by Dennis Sawchuk at the command center. A huge world chart is on the wall... big highlight circles around Hong Kong, Singapore, Bogota, Marseilles and Istanbul... minor highlight spots are Northern Columbia, the Turkish frontier and the Golden Triangle. A giant computer monitor in a corner has an official crest on screen and the title: DRUG INTERDICTION TASK FORCE.

They sit, Jack facing the big wall mural. Dennis indicates the coffee thermos and cups on a tray. They both pour.

**JACK**

I'm curious. You said this was important.

**DENNIS**

Yeah. ..well... it is to me. Do you remember when we first met?

**JACK**

It's pretty hazy..but yes.

**DENNIS**

I don't mean the booze... but you shared some of your memories.

**JACK**

You mean nightmares!

**DENNIS**

No..that's ass backwards... your fear was that they were not nightmares.. you said that horror had become normal for you.

They stare at each other. Jack looks pensive, troubled... then he laughs...

**JACK**

Right the story about the World Health Organization meeting?

**DENNIS**

Exactly. The speaker who bored everyone to death, shot down by the Chairman who said. . . .

**JACK**

*(interjecting)*

"You've been looking up assholes so long you have finally become one"... the bore was a proctologist.

They both laugh.

**DENNIS**

You worried about being so close to criminals and despots that you regarded them as friends.

**JACK**

That's 10 years ago. Some of them are still in place...

Jack looks up at the map and smiles... knowingly.

**DENNIS**

What's amusing?

**JACK**

That map!

**DENNIS**

That comes from the DEA.

**JACK**

What's hilarious, Denny, is that the paper pusher who made this map seems to think power is in the cities.

**DENNIS**

We follow the syndicates and the money.

**JACK**

Power is the drug itself - who controls the growing areas.

Jack gets up and pounds his fist against Myanmar (Burma).

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Right here!. . . this is the mother lode. The gold mine...your map is nothing but a bunch of sales depots.

Dennis looks puzzled - then at Jack.

**DENNIS**

One of your proctologists?

**JACK**

*(smiling)*

A friend, in the loose terminology of my former sordid trade. My Reuters buddy in Thailand and I called him King Bamboo.. surely you've heard of General U Duc Chu?

**DENNIS**

I'm new to this international scene, Jack, but I'm vaguely aware.. General of what army?

**JACK**

His own - and there isn't a real soldier or President within a radius of 1,000 miles who'd dare call him anything else. . .and there isn't a drug czar of the Asian world, or even vaguely connected to heroin in the U.S. - who would survive a day against his wishes.

Jack sits. Dennis gets up and walks over to the computer.

**DENNIS**

How do you spell that name?

**JACK**

Just type in the letter "U" for the surname.

Jack walks over. The screen shows a list of Burmese names with the surname U. One of them is heavily highlighted.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

That's him.

Dennis clicks the mouse and an Asian face fills the screen, wearing a modest Red Army type cap. Extremely ordinary. Dennis looks, inquiringly, at Jack.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Harmless looking little guy, what?

Dennis clicks the mouse again - a full screen of data comes up, boldly indicating a VIP name. Dennis whistles.

**DENNIS**

The map may be dumb, but the computer has it right. That code is the highest category of drug boss.

They return to their seats.

**JACK**

Is this why you wanted to see me?

**DENNIS**

I guess so. I'm now working with international drug experts. I was hoping you might background me a bit, from your unique experience.

Jack looks troubled, somewhere between anger and fear.

**JACK**

My inside dope - excuse the term - is 10 years out of date. . .

*(pauses)*

Denny - this is the shit I have worked hard to put behind me... I was too close to these bastards.

**DENNIS**

*(concerned)*

Ah. Sorry, Jack - I should'a known better.

**JACK**

Just you, Denny. I'll be your ace in the hole. For God's sake don't connect me! Where do we begin?

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - ENGLISH & COMPANY -- LATER

Wayne English emerges and warmly greets Lisa.

**WAYNE**

I thought we might go to the Seattle Club for lunch. It would do my image a great deal of good to be seen with an attractive young woman.

**LISA**

*(smiling, embarrassed)*

Sure.

CUT TO:

Lisa and Wayne exit the building and the conversation picks up walking along the street.

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK -- DAY

**WAYNE**

The Club has just opened for women at lunch, and for women members.

**LISA**

How liberal of them.

**WAYNE**

I think it had more to do with cash flow than political reality.

They walk by an appliance store and TVs fill the window, all of which have Jack Forbes photo on the screen.

**LISA**

Jack's on the news - let's go in.

**WAYNE**

We can see it at the club. The library tapes all major newscasts.

INT. LIBRARY - SEATTLE CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Lisa watch a known national network anchor.

**NETWORK ANCHOR**

. . . the K-NOW lawsuit against J.A. Forbes, the *Seattle Examiner* and the *Examiner* Syndication Service seeks unspecified punitive damages, and compensation for any actual financial loss which may occur as a result of the Forbes column. K-NOW is Seattle's leading radio station, a business owned by the internationally respected Carling family. The Pulitzer prize winning columnist was unavailable for comment, but the column in question attracted nationwide editorial attention.

**WAYNE**

National news, no less. That's what happens when your clients are famous - let's have lunch.

INT. SEATTLE CLUB DINING ROOM -- LATER

They've finished lunch and now the conversation begins.

**LISA**

I just had a very bad experience with Boyd Jaekel.

**WAYNE**

How so?

**LISA**

I thought Raven would fall over backwards trying to help us. But Jaekel was cold and uncooperative. He said it might compromise his actions in the future.

**WAYNE**

Strange. But Jaekel always has been a mystery man.

**LISA**

Like what?

**WAYNE**

He represents many offshore investors - property buyers and so on. He has links with banks in Liechtenstein, Panama, and Grand Cayman. The FBI suspect him of money laundering but there's never any proof. He's sharp.

**LISA**

It's a huge problem for me. I don't have the resources for a case this large. I hoped he would help me.

**WAYNE**

He's probably right not to be seen helping you. It's wise to keep some distance between Jack and Raven. But why didn't you come to me first?

**LISA**

Are you offering to help?

**WAYNE**

Of course. Use my library. I'll assign some students to help you.

**LISA**

But you want to throw in the towel on this case, don't you?

**WAYNE**

I represent the *Examiner*. The best legal advice for this newspaper is to apologize and get out of this.

**LISA**

My instructions from my client are to fight. So back to my question..aren't we in conflict?

**WAYNE**

We are. Take your instructions from Jack. But that doesn't mean you can't use my firm's resources. Jack and the *Examiner* have a common interest. No one will spy on you.

**LISA**

*(grateful, girlish)*

That's very nice of you Mr. English.

**WAYNE**

Wayne.

**LISA**

Are you kidding? We studied the eminent Wayne G.R. English at the University of Oregon, let alone here in Washington. Let's take this slowly, Mr. English.

**WAYNE**

*(smiling)*

Okay. It seems to me that there are two pretty good attorneys on this case.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - *EXAMINER* NEWSROOM -- DAYS LATER

Jack is in his small glassed-in cubicle office off the *Examiner* Newsroom. Everything is piled high with books and papers, a computer dominates in the corner. Jack is putting down the phone as Lisa appears in the doorway. He waves her in. She sits in the one simple guest chair.

**LISA**

*(looking at the office)*

The bears at the zoo have a better grotto than this one.

**JACK**

Look out there.

He points through the glass at a sea of desks in the newsroom.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Any kind of office is a big deal at a newspaper. If you entered the locker room of the Seahawks and saw that 40 players had a locker in an open area, but one of them had a 6x6 cabana, complete with TV - I bet you'd think that player was a star?

**LISA**

I guess you can rationalize anything, even this dump.

**JACK**

I just got off the phone to K-NOW. I'm going on the Bob Kaye show.

**LISA**

Oh shit! Get out of it.



**JACK**

What do you mean? I can't wait to face that loser.

**LISA**

He'll tear you apart. It's his turf, his audience, his switches and radio is his thing, not yours.

**JACK**

*(smiling)*

Thanks for the confidence. I'm doing it - stay tuned, as they say.

**LISA**

Think about it and try to get out of it. Anyway, this is depressing.

**JACK**

What?

**LISA**

The only person who has shown me any kindness is Wayne English, and he thinks we are wrong. I can't even get you to read a document. You seem to think this is a laugh.

**JACK**

I just want to get to court and put modern radio journalism on trial.

**LISA**

For Christ's sake don't say that. It reveals your ulterior motive.

**JACK**

Now you sound like the fat cat corporate lawyers, Wayne English and that bunch.

**LISA**

Ah Jack, this sucks. Wayne English is the number one lawyer in Washington. Boyd Jaekel of Raven is filthy rich. Carling has hired Royce, Johnson & Ingolls - you know what that means, don't you?

**JACK**

Tell me!

**LISA**

Amos Vander Shaaf in court.

**JACK**

Transvaal Stables? The political fixer?

**LISA**

What are you talking about?

**JACK**

Amos owns the biggest stable at Emerald Downs - great horses. He's also powerful behind the scenes in local politics.

**LISA**

I don't care about that stuff. Amos is an incredible courtroom barrister. You say that corporate lawyers are afraid of court. Amos lives in court. He was kicked out of South Africa for defending blacks and accused terrorists.

**JACK**

If he was on the BOSS list I'll go shake his hand.

**LISA**

BOSS - are we talking in code?

**JACK**

The Afrikaans Bureau of State Security - their version of the Gestapo and just as brutal.

**LISA**

Anyway, Amos has defended everything - from serial killers to Archbishops who've diddled altar boys.

**JACK**

*(chuckling)*

I'm sure Young Dickie will be thrilled to meet his fellow clients.

**LISA**

Amos is the best this city has ever seen in court, buster, so get ready.

**JACK**

Is the little girl starting to feel in over her head?

Tears form in Lisa's eyes.

**LISA**

Jack, I want to win.

**(MORE)**

**LISA (CONT'D)**

You've got to stop sitting there  
like a fucking eunuch in the harem!

**JACK**

Actually, eunuch is a non-fucking  
profession.

Lisa's tears really start. Her rage shows. People in the newsroom become aware of the argument. Eventually, they have a rapt audience. Jack sheepishly absorbs the broadside.

**LISA**

You are sending me out there against  
an army of lawyers

*(practically screaming)*

My point Jack is you disgust me.  
You could be a tremendous teacher,  
an inspiration to a whole generation  
of media people... this vast public  
trust you have could help make a  
better world.... but what do you  
do... you sit in the goddamned  
bleachers and watch everybody else  
try to play the game of life.

I liked your column. For the first  
time ever you showed personality and  
some balls. And now you've gone  
into your "No Adjectives" role.... a  
brain-dead spectator while everybody  
else carries your baggage.

Lisa wipes tears, grabs briefcase, stomps out. Jack, finally noticing the newsroom audience, just puts on a stupid grin.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF REBECCA GOLDBERG -- DAY

Becky Goldberg, George Maloney and Wayne English are going over financial records.

**GEORGE**

This notice of foreclosure came from  
a bank we've never dealt with. They  
bought our loan from State Express  
Capital Corporation at a discount.

**WAYNE**

*(looks at a paper)*

I've heard of this outfit before:  
Pan-Pacific Equity Corporation.  
I'll check but I think it fronts for  
some of Boyd Jaekel's offshore  
clients.

**BECKY**

Isn't he the lawyer for Raven?

**WAYNE**

Yes. But its a big law firm and they have many clients.

**GEORGE**

Do we respond to this?

**WAYNE**

I'll find a way to freeze it. But let me check out the Jaekel angle.

CUT TO:

INT. K-NOW RADIO STUDIO -- MORNING

Program in progress. Bob Kaye and Jack Forbes. "On-Air" light flashes.

**BOB KAYE**

Where do you suppose I got my information?

**JACK**

It must be the tooth fairy... I saw no evidence that you ever get out of that chair.

**BOB KAYE**

I've been developing sources in this state for 40 years. There is no town, village, association or activity that doesn't have a friend of mine there somewhere. There is no question you could ask that I could not have researched by phone within hours if not minutes....

*(animated, louder)*

Your Seattle life began a day after you fell off a bar stool.... I have lived, breathed and loved this state...so have my listeners. The question in their minds and mine is who the hell are you?

**JACK**

Do you always shout? I'm three feet away.

**BOB KAYE**

I'm just warming up. .... do you think any of the real folks in this city care about your long-winded Sunday features about Bosnia, the

**(MORE)**

**BOB KAYE (CONT'D)**

socio-economic impact of art OR...  
 here's one that must of been a biggie  
 at the kitchen dinner table: "the  
 subtle impact of university political  
 scientists on democratic structures".

**JACK**

You do read my column, don't you?

**BOB KAYE**

My point is that these bum-nummers  
 are just the last few weeks. Perhaps  
 you picked on me to keep your audience  
 out of a coma... good old Bob Kaye  
 is worth a few laughs.

**JACK**

I want the audience to separate  
 journalism from quackery.

**BOB KAYE**

Right. Who's the quack? A hack who  
 churns out self-indulgent theories  
 once a week?.... or a guy like me...  
 here on the street corner with my  
 audience every single day...letting  
 anyone say anything they want to me.

**JACK**

I don't think this is getting us  
 anywhere.

**BOB**

Well let's see what people think....  
 I'll go to the phones in a moment.  
 Call us at 422-1111!

As a commercial blares, Jack sits pensively and somewhat  
 confused. Bob is very smug.... speaks off the air

**BOB (CONT'D)**

So, Jack, that's show biz.

Jack just grunts. Then they are back on the air.

**BOB KAYE**

I'm talking to columnist J.A. Forbes.  
 Line one go ahead.

**CALLER 1**

I never read your column - it's too  
 boring. And what you said about Bob  
 was disgusting.

**JACK**

How do you know it's boring if you don't read it? How do you know what I said about Bob?

**CALLER 1**

I read that one, you pompous ass.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG SQUAD HEADQUARTERS -- EVENING

Dennis Sawchuk, Jason Bendix and a large group of cops surround a conference table, planning a big operation.

**DENNIS**

How many points are we hitting the same night?

**JASON**

We will be hitting five border crossings, the Cherry Point oil port, SeaTac, three small airports and various warehouse addresses in the state. You've got the Port of Seattle and city drop sites covered?

**DENNIS**

We do.

Dennis spots Lisa outside at the reception desk, frantically waving for him. Dennis tries to ignore her.

**JASON**

Our intelligence here follows a year of undercover in Asia, Vancouver and Seattle. We know a massive movement is going to take place in a 24 hour period. We don't know for sure all the crossings but if we monitor and hit every address we believe to be in the system, we can't fail but to get a big piece of this action.

Dennis looks up. Lisa is distressed. He goes to the door.

**DENNIS**

Excuse me for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTER SQUAD ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

**DENNIS**

Lisa, this is a crucial meeting.

**LISA**

*(blurting)*

Jack's disappeared. He missed two meetings and Mario hasn't seen him out at the track.

**DENNIS**

Did something happen?

**LISA**

I yelled at him at the office and told him not to go on the Bob Kaye Show - he ignored me - and he got murdered. Kaye made a fool of him.

Dennis laughs, while Lisa sputters.

**DENNIS**

You yelled at him?

**LISA**

He won't co-operate with me on this case. I guess I lost my temper and told him what I thought.

**DENNIS**

That'll do him good. .. look, I have to get back to my meeting, but when Jack is really low, he goes down to Eddy's Sports Bar on Lake Union and ties one on. But I want to warn you about something.

**LISA**

*(concerned)*

What?

**DENNIS**

If he is really pissed and depressed, he'll be talking to Annie.

**LISA**

Who's that?

**DENNIS**

His wife.

**LISA**

I thought he was single?

**DENNIS**

Annie died 10 years ago. Cancer. She was 38. Jack never got over it. In fact, we met him here after a two-year binge... he was a mess when he started writing for the *Examiner*.

**(MORE)**

**DENNIS (CONT'D)**

One of my guys at the time was a great newspaper reader, and when he hauled Jack out of a bar fight, he recognized the name. He brought this to my attention.

I knew Sadru Shivji at UW - It was the damnedest coincidence. He had known Jack in London. Sadru was the editor of the *Kampala Times* when Idi Amin booted all the Ismailis out of Uganda. Anyway, Sadru and I straightened Jack out.

**LISA**

That explains one thing Bob Kaye said. He said something like Jack became a Seattlite after falling off a bar stool.

**DENNIS**

So Bob Kaye is a reporter after all!

**LISA**

What do you mean he talks to Annie?

**DENNIS**

He has her photo up at home and in his wallet. I have no idea what he mumbles at her, but I wish he would get over it.

**LISA**

Eddy's Sports Bar... Thanks Daddy.

She gives him a kiss as a couple of cops look on amusedly.

CUT TO:

EXT. INT. LAKE UNION RESTAURANT STRIP -- NIGHT

Lisa drives her nondescript car along the restaurant row looking for Eddy's. She spots it tucked away in a corner, overlooking the water. Parks. Lisa enters the half-full bar. Sports games on TV. Looks around. No sign of Jack. She goes up to the bartender - no dialogue. She asks a question. Bartender points to a booth in a quiet corner. Lisa makes her way over to Jack. Jack, well into the booze, is staring at a well-worn photo of a young woman, and mumbling something indecipherable. Lisa walks up behind him.

**LISA**

What do you say to her?

And then she sits opposite him. Jack shows little reaction to Lisa's presence.



**JACK**

This is Annie.

**LISA**

I know. Daddy told me.

A waiter arrives.

**LISA (CONT'D)**

Your Rainier light on tap please.  
And what are you having Jack?

**JACK**

He knows. The Macallan 12. Macallan  
Vintage on special occasions. A  
single malt.

**LISA**

Isn't that what James Bond drank?

**JACK**

Bond's scotch was Laphroaig. From  
the Isles. Very peaty, a real man's  
drink. The Macallan is nice and  
smooth, a Glenlivet from the Spey  
River valley.

**LISA**

Tell me about Annie.

**JACK**

Annie and I were married for 14 years.  
After she died, I did some arithmetic.  
During all that time, I averaged  
being away over 200 days a year.  
That means that I really only had  
six years of Annie - you always think  
you're living for some kind of future,  
and then everything dies at once.

The drinks arrive. Lisa picks up Annie's photo

**LISA**

You didn't answer my question. What  
do you say to her?

**JACK**

"Sorry" mostly.

**LISA**

Sorry you were away so much?

**JACK**

No, she knew my life was in the war  
zones and hell holes of the world.

**(MORE)**

**JACK (CONT'D)**

She always was excited to hear my stories. I would miss her terribly, but Annie could handle anything.

**LISA**

So what are you sorry about?

**JACK**

One time the *Economist* did a short piece about me and called it "Solo Act" - reporting that I'd go to all the dangerous places by myself. Annie thought that was funny. She said my lone wolf act was cowardice, not bravery - I was afraid to share anything. It was about the only thing she ever criticized me for. She told me to trust people - I find that very hard to do.

**LISA**

How did you like the Kaye show?

**JACK**

A typical screw up. You were right. How bad was it?

**LISA**

Pretty grim.

Lisa takes a gulp of her beer. Jack says nothing.

**LISA (CONT'D)**

Listen, Jack, can I drive you home?

**JACK**

Yeah, I've had enough.

He picks up the photo, awkwardly pushing it into his wallet.

**LISA**

Tomorrow - I want you to do something for me.

**JACK**

I owe you a few.

**LISA**

We need a change of scene. Meet me at noon at the ferry terminal. Let's go to Bainbridge for lunch. Don't plan anything else for the afternoon.

**JACK**

Okay. I haven't had a date in years.

**LISA**

This is business. Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK -- MORNING

Richard Carling walks briskly down the sidewalk. A man grabs his elbow - AMOS VANDER SHAAF, who speaks with a clipped Afrikaans accent.

**AMOS**

Mr. Carling, Amos Vander Shaaf. We met a couple of years ago.

**RICHARD**

Yes, Mr. Vander Shaaf. Your partner Larry Royce calls you his howitzer. We'll soon be working together.

**AMOS**

Yes. Did you hear J.A. Forbes yesterday on Bob Kaye's show?

**RICHARD**

*(looking regretful)*

Yes.

**AMOS**

*(smiling)*

Bob killed him - a lucky stroke for us.

**RICHARD**

I suppose. But it reminded me of a program a few years ago when the ballet dancer Baryshnikov was involved in some news controversy. A caller on the air asked Bob Kaye what he thought about Baryshnikov.

Kaye replied: "he's a fag." Nothing else. The caller agreed.

**AMOS**

What's the point?

**RICHARD**

It struck me that there was a little more to the subject of Mikhail Baryshnikov - one of modern history's greatest artists. My point, Amos, is that despite this program, Jack Forbes is still a great journalist, and Bob Kaye - sadly - is still Bob Kaye.

Amos shook his head.

**AMOS**

My task is simpler than yours... I just have to win... and Kaye's program with Forbes has made the job easier.

CUT TO:

INT. RAVEN OFFICE - BELLINGHAM -- MORNING

A meeting is in progress between Chuck Grant, MORDECAI LEVIN (heavy smoker), Dan MacKenzie and MOSES JOE, a lawyer and son of the Shuksan indian chief.

**MOTTY**

Chuck, give Moses and I one good reason why we - as minority shareholders - shouldn't try to take the Raven battle public again.

**CHUCK**

Because there is no money. That's where all of your troubles started, Motty - are you still trying to get even with me?

**MOTTY**

That's not true Chuck. This was my dream. My development. I risked just about everything. Your bank gambled too - I understand that - and you had to protect your investment. What hurt was that all the investors I knew personally were still on my side. But after the stock went public, I had no idea who was running the company.

**CHUCK**

Your group put up \$50 million. We raised \$300 million on the market. At the peak, we had 5 million shares out there trading at \$125 each... now they are worth \$10, if that.

**MOTTY**

Most of that drop took place after I was dumped and you took over.

**DANNY**

Dammit, Motty, that's unfair. We were in a big slide when that happened. We had major shareholders taking short positions, the media was blasting away at us.

(MORE)

**DANNY (CONT'D)**

Every day we were hearing loudmouth Bob Kaye broadcast leaks about our financial troubles.

*(stares at Motty)*

You know I'm on your side, but I understand why Chuck, Jaekel and their backers wanted a change.

**CHUCK**

Thanks, Danny. I feel just as terrible as you do.

**MOTTY**

Sorry. But here's the point: I'm not broke. Neither is our friend Moses, here. We and a number of other minority investors are going to take our fight public, even if it means suing K-NOW Radio ourselves.

**CHUCK**

Why not wait until the *Examiner* case is over?

**MOSES**

We are in the headlines now. I'm both a lawyer and the media guy for our tribal council, and on both counts, we win by striking now. If we fight, the *Examiner* has a better chance. They'll help us.

**CHUCK**

What does the Chief think about this?

**MOSES**

He doesn't. My father has been consistent. He doesn't like the casino business and he hates to think of all the development Raven proposes. He supports our traditional ways - hunting, fishing, some agriculture and crafts. But he has lived the tragedy of all our young people leaving the reservation for the cities and modern jobs. Raven will help keep more of them here.

**CHUCK**

Motty, can you give me some time? We should have a Board meeting on this whole topic. You and Moses can present your case. Otherwise you'd have to resign as directors.

**MOTTY**

Don't take too long setting it up.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLING'S OFFICE -- DAY

Richard Carling, Bob Kaye and Louise are in discussion.

**RICHARD**

This is going to be a very short meeting. Bob, you are embarrassing me every day with your childish, egotistical taunting of J.A. Forbes. I don't want to hear his name mentioned on your program until after our lawsuit is over.

**LOUISE**

Richard, this whole feud is great for ratings. Bob can't stop the callers from talking about it.

**RICHARD**

Bob has been stirring this pot ever since Forbes was on the program. The callers are merely Pavlov's dog. If he ceases, they will too.

**LOUISE**

But look at the press we are getting!

**RICHARD**

The kind of press I want is to read about our achievements, not our wars.

**BOB KAYE**

What about my "investigative reporter of the year" award?

**RICHARD**

I would be far prouder to see an award for creating something, rather than just tearing down what others are trying to do. . . I repeat - lay off Jack Forbes.

**BOB KAYE**

You can't tell me what to say!

**RICHARD**

*(steely-eyed, calm)*

There are two ways to fire you... I can write a check for the balance of your contract.... OR.... I can fire you for cause and let you sweat it

**(MORE)**

**RICHARD (CONT'D)**

out for years in a court case. You would probably win a cash payout of some kind, but a lot of thinking people in this city would enjoy seeing you squirm for a year or two, paying expensive lawyers.

**LOUISE**

If Bob goes, I go.

A pregnant pause ensues. Richard stares at Louise.

**RICHARD**

That will be all Bob. You heard me.

He shows Bob to the door. . .

**RICHARD (CONT'D)**

Louise.... just a word more.

They wait for Kaye to exit.

**RICHARD (CONT'D)**

Louise... you have just made my day. If and when Bob goes, you most certainly will be going with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON STATE FERRY - SEATTLE HARBOR -- DAY

Lisa & Jack (tie and windbreaker) are at the rail, looking at the Seattle skyline, en route to Bainbridge Island.

**LISA**

Don't you ever ditch the tie?

**JACK**

Rarely - another legacy from Annie. She didn't like the war correspondent look in London - she marched me over to Harrod's one day and I haven't shopped anywhere since.

**LISA**

You go all the way to London to shop?

**JACK**

Twice a year. Same store. Same clerk. He used to be a junior in Harrod's safari shop - now he is the assistant manager of the whole store. But he still picks out my things.

**LISA**

Pity he isn't around to press them too. Gentlemen who shop at Harrod's are expected to have a valet. At least a doting wife.

They laugh. Watch the waves go by.

**JACK**

I've been a poor client and I'm sorry.

**LISA**

For me, to have a chance to share a fight with J.A. Forbes was a thrill. But not if I have to tow you along.

**JACK**

I thought about what you said - being a spectator in the bleachers. You really have that one wrong. Annie's concern was the reverse. She urged the safety of the herd, rather than charging off alone.

**LISA**

If I'm wrong, then it's worse than I thought. You are using me, but not telling me why?

**JACK**

Rope A Dope.

**LISA**

*(incredulously)*

What?

**JACK**

Few people I interviewed affected me quite so much as the boxer Muhammad Ali. He never had much formal education, yet he regularly exhibited genius. When you spent time with him, you sensed a spiritual aura. Most people who met him share that view.

He had a big fight in the Congo one time I happened to be there, against George Foreman. Everyone thought Foreman would kill him. Big heavy blows, unlike anyone had seen since Marciano. But Muhammad had a surprise for George. He didn't fight. Muhammad spent most of the early rounds covering himself up, using the ropes like a trampoline, letting George flail away at him.



Jack gets very intense here, acting Muhammed's style, blocking, weaving, jabbing... passionate.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Murderous punches on his arms, his body, the side of his head. Ali said later, it really hurt. But George didn't know that. Ali talked endlessly..teasing him, goading him. And at the end of each round, Ali scored with several jabs. By the eighth round, Foreman was frustrated and exhausted. Only then did Muhammad really start to fight. He knocked out Foreman. Ali called it the "rope A dope".

**LISA**

As we say in court, relevance, Your Honor?

**JACK**

I dropped a bomb. Now I watch. Since my article, there has been a healthy debate in every city about the quality of journalism in local radio. Strong defenses by radio stations - lies by the bad ones. Magazine and newspaper articles. Everybody is debating quality.

**LISA**

So how long do you stay on the ropes getting pulverized? Let me know and I'll come back at that time. And do you really think Rebecca Goldberg deserves to suffer from your game?

**JACK**

Don't worry about Becky. She's a winner. The only reason her paper is always at the brink is because she likes living on the edge. When she has extra money she invests in a new challenge.

**LISA**

If you lose this case, how can Mrs. Goldberg survive?

**JACK**

We won't lose and even if we did, she has surrounded herself with world class talent: English, me, George Maloney - he's a financial genius from Wharton at the University of

**(MORE)**

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Virginia and lots of others. She stole Lou Boudreau from the *New York Times*. Haven't you noticed that she is less worried than anyone? Even seems to be having fun?

**LISA**

Oh - we're here. Let's go.

The ferry arrives at Bainbridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAINBRIDGE ISLAND -- AFTERNOON

Jack and Lisa enjoy lunch. Ambiance of the Bainbridge waterfront. Later, Jack and Lisa sit side-by-side on a log on the beach, they continue the conversation.

**LISA**

What's your deal with journalism students?

**JACK**

I deliver regular guest lectures here at UW, and at least one a year at 20 different journalism schools. I never charge for that, although they pay my expenses. But I regularly hire the kids at these schools at \$10 an hour to research my projects, under the direction of their professors, who get an honorarium.

**LISA**

Can you get me a few of those kids?

**JACK**

I'm sure Sadru would be delighted to provide them and we'd be happy to pay. Why?

**LISA**

We have made a great start. Wayne English has given me two law students to help me with precedents and law library stuff. But we need to research the public opposition. Bob Kaye was the mouthpiece for groups concerned about the environment, agriculture, sport fishing, hunting and the anti-gambling lobby.

But we noted an oddity.

**(MORE)**

**LISA (CONT'D)**

All of these organizations, which used to be quite poor, appeared to have a good deal of money to fight Raven. We don't know where it came from, but we're trying to find out.

**JACK**

Any leads?

**LISA**

There was definitely citizen interest in their campaigns and probably donations, but it looks like bigger money was at play. Maybe competitive resorts or real estate interests. I think Whistler, in Canada, had a lot to lose. I need research help.

**JACK**

You said these organizations were instrumental early in the campaign. Did it change?

**LISA**

They never stopped, but after Raven seemed to get in trouble, Bob started getting inside financial news. Business information that hurt the company. We don't know where this came from but we have to find out. He had his sources, because a lot of it was accurate. When does your rope a dope end?

**JACK**

Not yet. Your jabs are sensational. My gut feeling is that there is a very big story here somewhere - we might be stalking deer, while a grizzly bear stalks us. I won't shoot until we have the right target.

Lisa pauses, with a funny smile on her face, indicating that she's hiding something.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

There's more?

**LISA**

Keep this to yourself - I want to ambush Bob Kaye on Discovery.

**JACK**

Okay.

**LISA**

Bob is an avid fly fisherman and hunter. He has belonged to the Cascades Rod and Gun Club for decades. Everybody knows that his opposition to Raven started with this vested interest. No harm in that. But I remembered that the Cascades Rod and Gun Club advertised heavily on K-NOW against the Raven development. The Club says it spent \$4,000 per month. But we found a former ad salesman from K-NOW who says they only bought \$2,000 a month worth of ads. Apparently, Bob Kaye pocketed the rest. I bet the Club knew nothing about it and I'm sure he never told his audience.

**JACK**

Bingo!

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN AIR BOX - EMERALD DOWNS -- AFTERNOON

Jack and Dennis in the box.

**JACK**

Jeezus I'm nervous.

**DENNIS**

Why? Mario told you not to expect a win.

**JACK**

Right. ...anyway, we have a few minutes. I need your advice on something.

Dennis nods.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Lisa is suspicious about Raven's behavior in our case. She doesn't understand why they are not helping us and there are mysteries involved in not just Raven's finances, but also the funding that went to their critics. Is there anyone at Seattle PD who can advise us where to look?

**DENNIS**

That's not our thing, Jack.

(MORE)

**DENNIS (CONT'D)**

Our fraud squad only looks at merchants' concerns like counterfeit, bad checks and bilking little old ladies with phony construction jobs. What you need is an FBI commercial crime specialist. Or even State investigators who deal with corporations and charities. How about if I ask around?

**JACK**

Thanks. We know about the obvious small-time groups, but I smell a big money outfit trying to sabotage Raven.

**DENNIS**

Again, I'm the wrong guy to ask. I'm so brainwashed these days, when anyone says the word "border" or "Whatcom County", I think drugs.

Mario Tanti comes running up to the box, somewhat breathless.

**MARIO**

He's frisky today, Jack. First time at 6 furlongs... he'll be way back at the start and we're going to frustrate him. Hold him and hold him until too late... then we let him go. No whip. I think he'll still be close at the end.

**JACK**

Winning is okay, Mario!

**MARIO**

Possible. But this is still training..see you later.

Mario rushes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RACETRACK -- AFTERNOON

Montage and track announcer voice overs as *Slew's Party Boy* enters the gate..and then the race... just as Mario predicted.... way off the pace at the beginning and flying like a bullet at the end, narrowly missing victory. Jack and Dennis look at each other as if they've just seen an amazing magic trick, but don't quite understand it.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM - ENGLISH AND COMPANY -- DAY

Magnificent setting. Wayne English, George Maloney, Rebecca Goldberg, Lisa.

**WAYNE**

The foreclosure was a Jaekel bank. But Boyd was quite helpful when George proposed restructuring debt.

**GEORGE**

We are just marking time. All our creditors are nervous.

**BECKY**

Lisa, where are we with the law suit?

**LISA**

We managed to limit the discoveries to four. Two are done. We deposed Richard Carling and they did Lou Boudreau. Carling admitted that his station's promotion exaggerated the depth of news resources and Lou conceded that Jack's column was out of character. Both came across as honorable professionals. Carling defended Bob Kaye, but it was clear his heart wasn't in it. That program, he said, was show biz and its worth can be measured by audience ratings. Jack's deposition is next and then we get to Bob Kaye.

**WAYNE**

Amos will go straight to the point. You'll be done in 10 minutes or less.

**BECKY**

How will Jack do?

**LISA**

I'm worried. He's so damned sincere. The ultimate reporter. He simply has to tell the true story.

**BECKY**

Truth. I wonder if anyone will recognize what it is?

**LISA**

The discovery will be at my office. It's nice, but nothing like this.

**(MORE)**

**LISA (CONT'D)**

*(admiring the elegance)*

The humble surroundings might get  
Vander Shaaf a little off balance.

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Lisa, Jack, an English firm associate, Amos, a court reporter.

**AMOS**

Nice office, Lisa  
*(winking at Jack)*

I once interviewed Mandela at Robben  
Island. This is more comfortable.

Jack laughs. Lisa blushes.

**AMOS (CONT'D)**

Forgive me my little joke. Now,  
let's do some work. This won't take  
long.

He looks at his notes and then toward Jack

**AMOS (CONT'D)**

Had you written about Raven before?

**JACK**

No.

**AMOS**

Have you ever written about a purely  
domestic Seattle story before?

**JACK**

I've written about Boeing, Microsoft  
and Starbuck's.

**AMOS**

But surely these were national and  
international business stories?

**JACK**

Yes.

**AMOS**

Do you think of all 41 newspapers in  
your syndication when you write?

**JACK**

I try to ensure the column relates  
to all cities.

**AMOS**

The whole United States?

**JACK**

Plus Vancouver, Toronto, London,  
Jerusalem and Hong Kong.

**AMOS**

Do you suppose any of those people -  
any of those other cities, ever heard  
of Bob Kaye or K-NOW before?

**JACK**

Dick Carling was world famous.

**AMOS**

What about Bob Kaye, K-NOW.

**JACK**

Unknown elsewhere, I guess.

**AMOS**

So how could you be catering to your  
universal audience in this article?

**JACK**

My article was about the quality of  
radio journalism everywhere.

**AMOS**

But the only company named and the  
only person named, were largely  
unknown to your audience.

Lisa vainly uses facial expressions to warn Jack.

**JACK**

Yes. But they served as a good  
example of the larger story.

**AMOS**

And the larger story was your real  
motive here?

Lisa is more frantic. Amos spots her out of the corner of  
his eye, and a mischievous twinkle comes to his face.

**JACK**

Yes.

**AMOS**

You wanted to attack all American  
radio news and talk. As if you could  
put them all on trial?

**JACK**

Yes.

Lisa looks sunk.



**AMOS**

So let's say you wanted to attack the Nazi 3rd Panzer Division, but they weren't handy. Instead, you shot the local guy walking by on the beach. Is that a fair characterization?

**JACK**

No... Kaye was merely an example.

**AMOS**

There, that will do nicely.  
*(and to the steno)*  
 You can be excused.

Jack, a different subject. I think Mario Tanti is conning me.

**JACK**

Why do you say that?

**AMOS**

I've watched your colt work out. This is a good one - but Mario treats each race like a workout, and he won't enter your horse against mine.

**JACK**

You mean *News Talk*? Bob Kaye's horse?

**AMOS**

*(with a wink and smile)*  
 Yes.

**JACK**

Mario is so patient it drives me crazy. He's aiming at the Snoqualmie.

**AMOS**

\$75,000 right now.

**JACK**

What?

**AMOS**

I'll buy *Slew's Party Boy* from you.

**JACK**

Mario says that if *News Talk* stays healthy, he'll be a Derby contender.

**AMOS**

I'd like some insurance. \$100,000?

**JACK**

No deal... but you've restored my faith in Mario.

The meeting breaks up. Lisa, still somewhat stunned takes her seat at the board table. Jack comes back to join her.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

What did you think?

**LISA**

We're fucked. Excuse me, that's a scientific term, well known to police.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S PENTHOUSE -- EVENING

Jack lives in a rambling penthouse - a renovated old building with a magnificent harbor view, and patio. Dennis and Lisa are with him. They are on the patio having a drink.

**DENNIS**

My FBI fraud guy simply suggested "follow the money." He thinks that if anything is off key, the architect is probably Boyd Jaekel, but the FBI hasn't been able to crack his international financial links. He doubts you'll get much either. So the alternative is the bank president  
(*Dennis consults notes*)  
Childress Grant.

**LISA**

He calls himself Chuck. He is also the Chairman of Raven.

**DENNIS**

He reminded me that any personal financial activity of a bank officer has to be reported through the State banking commission. And Olympia can tell you a lot about all the companies involved, and, of course, the charities and non-profit associations. I kept a straight face when he asked if you had any good Olympia contacts.

Dennis and Lisa exchange a knowing smile.

**JACK**

You know somebody?

**DENNIS**

Her Achilles heel.

**LISA**

My ex is the Governor's executive assistant, Andy Kissock.

**JACK**

Do you get along okay?

**DENNIS**

*(laughing loudly)*

She's addicted to Andy.

**LISA**

*(annoyed)*

That's not true. Andy is a complete flake. We met at the University of Oregon - my dumb mistake was to get married. It lasted six months.

Dennis is amused by Lisa's discomfort.

**DENNIS**

Andy is a generous lover - any skirt that crosses his path. His keenest governmental ambition is to screw every new girl who arrives at Olympia.

**JACK**

What does he do for the Governor?

**LISA**

He's the political guy. He charms the socks off party associations, local governments and anyone perceived as important, all over the state. Everybody likes Andy.

**DENNIS**

Andy barely scraped through college...

**LISA**

*(interrupting)*

His bed was too busy for serious study.

**DENNIS**

Andy's sense of humor, intuition, and street smarts found a home in backroom politics.

**JACK**

Will he help?

**DENNIS**

Andy would do anything for Lisa. ...there you have it, I'm going to have to get going.

**(MORE)**